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BEDARD
PELLETIER
MAGYAR

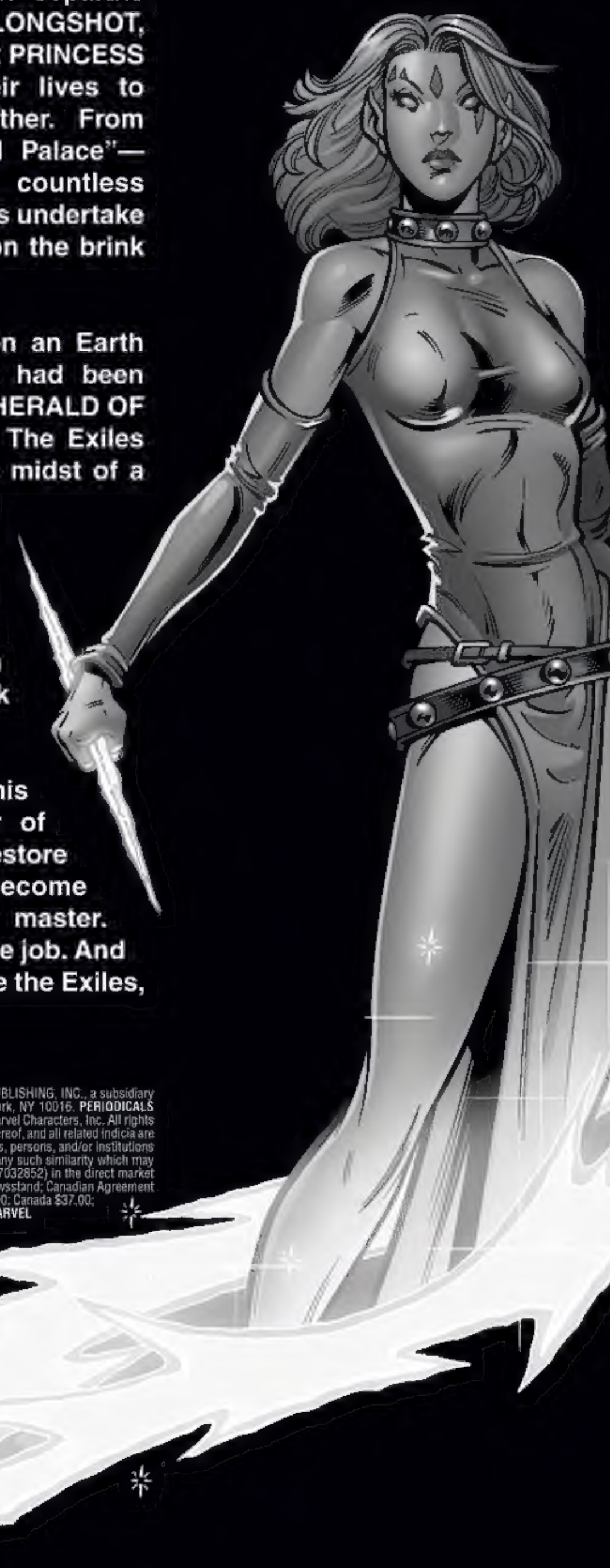
EXILES®

Previously in EXILES:

Gathered together from their own separate realities, BLINK, SABRETOOTH, LONGSHOT, MORPH, SPIDER-MAN 2099, POWER PRINCESS and HEATHER HUDSON risk their lives to save one imperiled Earth after another. From their headquarters in the "Crystal Palace"—an observatory overlooking the countless realities of the Multiverse—the Exiles undertake missions to save alternate Earths on the brink of disaster.

Most recently, the Exiles arrived on an Earth already past disaster! The planet had been completely destroyed by the rogue HERALD OF GALACTUS, THE SILVER SURFER! The Exiles reached the destroyed Earth in the midst of a battle between the Surfer and the IMPERIAL GUARD. Surfer made quick work of the Imperial Guard and made plans to defeat his old boss, Galactus. However, Galactus forced Blink to teleport the team and Galactus to safety, leaving Blink weakened.

Once safe, the team learned that this universe's Galactus is a restorer of worlds. And when he would not restore Silver Surfer's world, Surfer become vengeful and attacked his former master. Now, Surfer is on his way to finish the job. And the only people that can stop him are the Exiles, a.k.a. the New Imperial Guard!



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SUPERGUARDIANS PART 2 OF 2

"ALL DEAD."

TONY BEDARD WRITER PAUL PELLETIER PENCILS RICK MAGYAR INKER
WIL QUINTANA COLORIST DAVE SHARPE LETTERS SEAN RYAN EDITOR JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

WELL... ALL EXCEPT FOR ME.

IMPERIAL CENTER
SHI'AR GALACTIC EMPIRE
REALITY #522

THE *IMPERIAL GUARD* WERE MORE THAN JUST THE FINEST WARRIORS IN THE GALAXY. WE REPRESENTED THE SHI'AR *IDEAL.*

TEN THOUSAND CULTURES SENT THEIR BEST AND BRIGHTEST HERE TO *IMPERIAL CENTER*-- HOPING TO COUNT ONE OF THEIR OWN AMONGST THE SUPER-GUARDIANS.

THE FEW WHO WERE SELECTED DONNED THEIR *FLIGHT RINGS* AND CARRIED SHI'AR JUSTICE TO THE FURTHEST REACHES OF CIVILIZED SPACE.

FAREWELL, MY LOVE...

WEAR THIS WITH *PRIDE*, SABRETOOTH. HONOR HIM WHO WORE IT BEFORE YOU, EVEN IF ALL THAT AWAITS US IS *CERTAIN DEATH.*

I'LL, AH... I'LL DO MY BEST.

DO NOT PLAN OUR FUNERALS JUST YET, MANTA.

ALL HAIL *LILANDRA*--SHI'AR MAJESTRIX, EMPRESS OF THE *GALAXY!*

OUR HEARTFELT CONDOLENCES ON THE DESTRUCTION OF YOUR HOME-WORLD.

FOR A PLANET ONLY *BEGINNING* TO DISCOVER ITS POTENTIAL, *EARTH* PRODUCED MORE THAN ITS SHARE OF REMARKABLE BEINGS.

PERHAPS THAT IS WHY THE *SILVER SURFER* LAID WASTE TO IT--TO REMOVE SUCH A *WILD CARD* FROM THE COSMIC EQUATION.

HOW IS IT THAT *YOU* PEOPLE WERE SPARED, WHILE THE REST OF YOUR RACE PERISHED?

WE WERE... *OFF-WORLD* WHEN IT HAPPENED. BY THE TIME WE ARRIVED IN MY SPACESHIP, IT WAS *OVER.*

NOT QUITE.

GALACTUS STILL REMAINED...AND YOUR *INTERVENTION* SAVED HIS LIFE...

"...EVEN NOW, OUR BEST PHYSICIANS ENDEAVOR TO REPAIR THE **WOUNDS** INFLICTED BY HIS **RENEGADE HERALD.**

"SO LONG AS THE **RESTORER OF WORLDS** LIVES, THERE IS STILL HOPE.

"OUR OBSERVATION POSTS CONFIRM THAT THE SURFER IS MAKING FOR IMPERIAL CENTER AT TOP SPEED.

"THE SURGEONS TELL US THEY CAN STABILIZE GALACTUS, BUT THEY NEED MORE **TIME** THAN THE SURFER IS LIKELY TO GRANT."

YOUR **MISSION** IS THEREFORE AS SIMPLE AS IT IS **GRIM:**

YOU SHALL BE JOINED BY ALL THE WARRIORS WE COULD GATHER ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE...

...AND THIS NEW--PROBABLY **FINAL**--INCARNATION OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD WILL MEET THE SURFER AS HE APPROACHES...

...AND YOU SHALL SELL YOUR LIVES TO BUY GALACTUS THE **RESPITE** HE NEEDS.

⊗3 HOURS LATER
200,000 MILES ABOVE IMPERIAL CENTER

I HAVE TO KNOW HOW THESE RINGS WORK!

FLIGHT, LIFE SUPPORT, AND THIS INCREDIBLE "THOUGHT-CASTING" CAPABILITY--HANDY, SINCE VOICES WON'T CARRY IN A VACUUM...

...BUT HOW DO THEY PACK ALL THOSE FEATURES IN A SOLID-STATE TORUS THE SIZE OF A--

WOULD YA MIND THINKIN' A BIT QUIETER?!

AT LEAST USE THAT BIG BRAIN TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY WE WON'T ALL BE DEAD IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.

SABRETOOTH!

NO, CLARICE, SAVE THE PEP TALK. WE'RE MAKIN' A MISTAKE HERE, JUST WAITIN' OUT IN THE OPEN FOR THE COSMIC CUE BALL TO SHOW UP.

THEN RUN AND HIDE, EARTHER, BUT SPARE US YOUR MEWLING.

YOU ARE ILL-SUITED FOR THIS BATTLE, ANYWAY. I HARDLY THINK YOUR CLAWS WILL MEAN MUCH AGAINST THE POWER COSMIC.

VICTOR, WE'RE HERE TO HELP GALACTUS.

WHAT CAN WE ACCOMPLISH ON OUR **OWN** THAT WE CAN'T DO MORE **EFFECTIVELY** WITH ALL THIS HELP?

THOSE GUYS ARE **RIGHT**--I'M OUTTA MY LEAGUE HERE...

SABRETOOTH...?

WE'VE SEEN SOME **STRANGE** THINGS IN OUR TIME, BLINK, BUT SABRETOOTH TUCKING TAIL IS THE **LAST** SIGHT I'D **EVER** EXPECT.

HE'S **NOT** RUNNING, MORPH. HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW...

"...HE MUST BE UP TO SOMETHING."

WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?* GET BACK OUT THERE AND HOLD THE LINE!

HEATHER? *TALK* TO ME!

HEY, I'M WONDERING THE SAME THING *THEY* ARE.

I CAME IN BECAUSE I NEEDED SOME *ATMO-SPHERE.*

I TRIED *THINKIN'* AT YOU, BUT THE TALLUS DON'T SEEM TO WORK LIKE THE RINGS. I GOTTA SPEAK *OUT LOUD* FOR YOU TO HEAR ME.

YEAH, OKAY, SO WHAT'S ON YOUR *MIND?*

IS HE SPEAKING TO US...?

THIS IS ALL *WRONG,* HEATHER. WE TAKE OUR CHANCES EVERY TIME, BUT WE DON'T DO *SUICIDE MISSIONS,* AND I CAN'T WATCH CLARICE THROW HER *LIFE* AWAY...

I THINK I MIGHT'A COME UP WITH A *BETTER* WAY, BUT I NEED TO SEE GALACTUS *NOW.* CAN YA GIVE ME A LIFT?

FLASH

CAPTAIN--!

THERE! HE APPROACHES!

TO THINK THAT I WOULD FIGHT MY **GREATEST** BATTLE ALONGSIDE MY OLDEST **ENEMIES**...

PERHAPS WHEN THIS IS OVER, **SKRULL**, OUR PEOPLE WILL FINALLY--

HEAR ME, CANNON FODDER!

I **ALREADY** BESTED YOUR CHAMPIONS! YOU ARE MERELY THE **LEFTOVERS!**

GO **HOME** TO YOUR LOVED ONES AND LET GALACTUS **REAP** WHAT HE HAS SOWN!

FOR THE **EMPRESS**, AND VICTORY!

SO MUCH FOR **REASON**...

URK

"UNHORSED"?

STRIKE NOW, SUPER-GUARDIANS! I HAVE UNHORSED HIM!

JUST CATCH IT!

LONGSHOT...!

DO NOT LET GO!

ABSOLUTELY NOT! WHAT YOU ASK COULD KILL GALACTUS!

EVERYTHING WE'VE WORKED FOR--THE SACRIFICE OF YOUR COMRADES--IT WOULD ALL BE IN VAIN!

WHAT DO YOU SAY, SPACE GOD? YOU OKAY WITH ALL THESE PEOPLE DYIN' JUST SO YOU CAN LAY AROUND A LITTLE LONGER?

OR ARE YA GONNA HELP ME HELP YOU?

YOUR REQUEST WOULD DEPLETE WHAT LITTLE LIFE FORCE REMAINS WITHIN ME.

WOULD YOU RISK DOOMING THIS UNIVERSE?

TO SAVE MY LITTLE GIRL? I'D RIP YER ROCKY THROAT OUT

HEH.

VERY WELL...

IS THERE NO ONE AMONG YOU WITH THE SENSE TO STEP ASIDE AND LET ME PASS?!

TIME TO SAY "BYE-BYE"!

BYE-BYE.

BLINK!

NO WAY...!

TO ME, MY BOARD!

-WHUUP-

SIT TIGHT, SPIDER-MAN-- I WILL RETURN FOR YOU!

A MOMENT AGO, WHEN YOU APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE.. THAT **PORTAL** EFFECT... I'VE **SEEN** IT BEFORE...

BACK AT PLANET EARTH...WERE **YOU** THE ONE WHO TELEPORTED ME TO SATURN, JUST WHEN GALACTUS WAS AT MY **MERCY?**

...

ANSWER ME, GIRL! TELEPORTATION IS A **RARE** TALENT. IT **HAD** TO BE YOU!!

PRINCESS! SNAP OUT OF IT.

SPACECRAFT PASS THROUGH HYPERSPACE ALL THE TIME, BUT **PEOPLE** DO NOT!

?

GET AWAY FROM HER!

DON'T TELL ME THE SILVER SABRETOOTH?!

HUH, HE'S SMARTER THAN HE LOOKS..

GET YOUR FILTHY PAWS OFF ME!

S'MATTER, SURFER? NOT USED TO AN EVEN FIGHT?

DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF!

+GRAHH!+

I'VE WIELDED THE POWER COSMIC FOR YEARS! YOU HANDLE IT WITH THE SUBTLETY OF AN ANIMAL!

YOU'RE A CRETIN! I AM AN ASTRO-PHYSICIST!

YOU'VE NO UNDERSTANDING OF THE FORCES AT OUR COMMAND--LIKE A CHILD PLAYING WITH FIRE!

KRUNCH

SHRAK

+GYAAHHH!+

RIP

MAYBE SO, BUT I'M A BORN KILLER, AND SOMETIMES THAT'S ENOUGH.

IM- IMPOSSIBLE...

...MY BOARD, MY BOARD!

SABRETOOTH...

DUCK!

CHUK

...WHAT... HAVE YOU DONE...?

...GALACTUS DESERVED THIS...

...THE WONDERS I WOULD HAVE WORKED...WITH HIS POWER...

YOU HAVE ALREADY DONE MORE THAN ENOUGH, NORRIN RADD.

DO I... KNOW YOU...?

NO, BUT YOU MET MY HUSBAND...

...WHEN YOU CUT HIM IN TWO!

KRITCH

LOOKS LIKE MORE'N ONE OF US HAS A MEAN STREAK TODAY.

I WAS BRED FOR BATTLE, WHAT IS YOUR EXCUSE?

UM... WHERE'S SPIDEY?

LATER...

...AND SO I'M THINKING THAT THIS "POWER COSMIC" THING MIGHT JUST BE A GLIMPSE OF THE *UNIFIED FIELD* THAT'S ELUDED SCIENTIFIC QUANTIFICATION SINCE EINSTEIN FIRST SEARCHED FOR IT BACK IN THE EARLY TWENTIETH CENTURY! BUT ASKING *SABRETOOTH'S* OPINION ON THE MATTER IS LIKE ASKING A BUMBLEBEE HOW IT FLIES...

MORPH, DID SOMETHING *HAPPEN* TO HIM WHILE HE WAS FLOATING OUT THERE?

NAH, MIGGY'S *ALWAYS* LIKE THIS.

YOU USED THE GIFT I GAVE YOU MOST *EFFECTIVELY*. I EXPECT GREAT THINGS FROM YOU, MY NEW HERALD.

WE HAVE *MUCH* TO DO--MANY WORLDS TO SAVE.

THANKS, BUT *NO THANKS*, GALACTUS. THIS WAS STRICTLY A ONE-TIME THING.

YOU NEED THIS *POWER* BACK TO GET YOU ON YER FEET, AND I'VE GOT *MY OWN* WORLD-SAVIN' TO DO, BELIEVE ME!

YOU ARE A RARE MORTAL INDEED TO *RELINQUISH* SUCH A GIFT.

GALACTUS SHALL NOT SOON FORGET YOU.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE
OUTSIDE SPACE AND TIME

NICELY DONE, PEOPLE! SORRY I WASN'T ANY MORE HELP.

COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YA 'PORTIN' ME AROUND, HEATHER.

THOUGHT I'D NEVER GET MIGUEL TO GIVE THAT RING BACK.

I WOULD'VE SETTLED FOR SCHEMATICS...

WELL, BEFORE WE MOVE ON, I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO SEE GALACTUS AND HIS *NEW* HERALD...

...BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THAT'S THE *SURFER'S* HOMEWORLD THEY'RE RESTORING, AND MANTA CONVINCED HIM TO FIX *EARTH* TOO.

I GUESS GALACTUS DROPPED HIS OLD *RULE* AGAINST REVIVING PLANETS THAT DIDN'T DIE FROM NATURAL CAUSES.

I THINK WHEN HE TOOK BACK THAT POWER, A LITTLE PART OF *MISTER CREED* CAME WITH IT.

THE PART THAT BELIEVES IN *SECOND CHANCES.*

AH, *C'MON,* PUP. I GOT A *REP* TO MAINTAIN HERE...

NEXT: **T-BIRD!**